

**Red Cafe f/ Diddy, Juganot, Kardinal Offishall, Papoose, Ross  
Fortune, Uncle Murda  
"Hottest in the Hood"**

Visit "[Hottest in the Hood](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro] REEEEEEMIXXXXXXXXXX!!!!!!!!!! PART  
THREE!!!!!!!!!! [Diddy] (Red Cafe)  
BAAAAAAAAAAAAADDBOYYYYYYYYY!!!!!! THIS IS THE  
REMIX!!!! Red Cafe! WHO THE FUCK Y'ALL THINK Y'ALL  
FUCKIN WITH!!!! THIS IS WHAT YOU BEEN WAITIN  
FOR!!! I RUN SHIT HERE!!!! YOU JUST LIVE HERE!!!!!!  
(What else!!!!) THIS IS BAD BOY  
MOTHERFUCKER!!!!!!!!!!!! (HUH!!!!!!!!!!!!) [Verse One:  
Red Cafe] I'm the hottest in the hood, chick game silly  
Chick hand in my draws tryin to Free Willy Now all y'all  
really tryin to rhyme like me Boy verse fly like I wrote in  
on the plane Huh! Push weight no Royce Now the check  
cleared Shakedown, Bad Boy Hottest in the world,  
hottest in the game Rap King James I'm a put it on the  
chain Big hog at the valet DAMN Get 'em on they toes  
like it's ballet DAAAAAAMMMMMNNNNNNNNNN!!!!!!  
Yeah! I get my 2Pac on Thuglife hottest in the hood dot  
com [Verse Two: Juganot] Yeah, when you on the  
eastside, homie ask about me Juganot, ain't nobody  
that could doubt me Hot up in the hood like a Jag or  
Audi I'm hot like ridin camel back in Saudi Arabia The  
boy's beha-vior - is rowdy! Strapped on that +Iron  
Man+ like Rob Downey Hotter than a crucifix at Klan  
rallies Got crews of chicks sweatin me like Ballys (Work  
it out) I'm hot up in the hood like a Hemi (VROOM!) Like  
Eddie role, anywhere with a semi That'll +Ghost+ you  
and your click like Patrick and Demi With one eye  
closed, holdin the hand real steady [Chorus: Red Cafe]  
And the beat goes on, and the beat goes on, and the  
beat goes on And the beat goes on, and the beat goes  
on, and the beat goes on I'm the hottest nigga, in the  
hoooooooooooooohhhhhhhhh!!!!!! I'm the hottest nigga, in the  
hoooooooooooooohhhhhhhhh!!!!!! I'm the hottest  
nigga, in the hoooooooooooooohhhhhhhhh!!!!!! I'm the  
hottest nigga, in the hoooooooooooooohhhhhhhhh!!!!!!  
[Verse Three: Papoose] Papoose, Pa-Poose! I'm the  
best in the world I talk like a Webstar record "GO  
GIRL!!!" Got the AK's, y'all could die I keep the two K's  
with me, like Karl Kani I'm a show 'em how to bring pain

Put some wholes in his white tee, that's what I call T-  
Pain Go get some anti-freeze, I think they should I'm  
like the engine, I'm the hottest thing in the hood [Verse  
Four: Ross Fortune] (Red Cafe) Touchdown!!! If you're  
small-time grindin, you gettin that Fool's Gold With me,  
I'm a pitch it, I'll kick it like foosball Piff pills, hard wired  
or some good raw Main reason we the hottest in the  
hood dawg (Yeah, Ross Fortune) - Ask about me (That  
Shakedown Marcel)- Ask about me Ross Fortune on  
deck, lot of stacks around me No guards, just shooters  
that'll blast around me If it ain't Shakedown, then it ain't  
im-POR-tant If it ain't about money, that shit sound  
foreign When you hear "Touchdown", know that's  
Fortune We scorin, it's movin, we got it in motion -  
Touchdown [Chorus: Red Cafe] And the beat goes on,  
and the beat goes on, and the beat goes on And the  
beat goes on, and the beat goes on, and the beat goes  
on I'm the hottest nigga, in the  
hoooooooooooooddddddd!!!! I'm the hottest nigga, in  
the hoooooooooooooddddddd!!!! I'm the hottest  
nigga, in the hoooooooooooooddddddd!!!! I'm the  
hottest nigga, in the hoooooooooooooddddddd!!!!  
[Verse Five: Kardinal Offishall] I'm the hottest in yo'  
hood, hottest in yo' block Wall Street economics with a  
T-Dot bop Got my passport lookin like Weezy's tattoos  
Flyin from hood to hood Mr. International Slums I roll by  
the clubs of Philly Suburbs of ATL tryin to wife Chilli  
Jamaica Ave. silly, shoppin like I must Be the only  
Konvict nigga the hood discuss Besides my homey  
Red, Rock City and The Boss T-Pain lost a couple teeth  
but he still floss Get it, I'm a monster America Online  
I'm a foreigner, better than Barack in his prime [Verse  
Six: Uncle Murda] I know I'm hot, it ain't the marijuana If  
I ain't, then Chris Brown ain't hit Rihanna (He even BIT  
her!!!) And you can't say I ain't the truth That's like  
sayin if the cops think you got a gun They ain't 'gon  
shoot (BLOW!) I'm on fire, the haters still hatin on me  
Flow so hot, Satan in Hell waitin on me (I'm hotter than  
HIM!!!) 'Cause of me, err'body rappin tougher I call 'em  
lil' Kanyes' and I'm they +Big Brother+ (Word to  
MUTHA!!!)

Visit [Red Cafe f/ Diddy, Juganot, Kardinal Offishall, Papoose, Ross Fortune, Uncle Murda](#) page on  
MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.